

THE SPENDERS

A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERATION

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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"Well, who's he? My father knew his grandfather when he kept tavern over on the Raritan river, and his grandmother!—this shrimp's grandmother!—she tended bar."

"Gee!"

"Yes, they kept tavern, and the old lady passed the rum bottle over the bar, and took in the greasy money. This here fellow, now, couldn't make an honest livin' like that, I bet you. He's like a dog breeder would say—got the pedigree, but not the points."

Mr. Brue emitted a high, throaty giggle.

"But they ain't all like that here, Uncle Peter. Say, you come out with me some night just in your workin' clothes. I can show you people all right that won't ask to see your union card. Say, on the dead, Uncle Peter, I wish you'd come. There's a lady professor in a dime museum right down here on Fourteenth street that eats fire and juggles the big snakes—say, she's got a complexion—"

"There's enough like that kind, though," interrupted Uncle Peter. "I could take a double-barrel shotgun up to that hotel and get nine with each barrel around in them hallways; the shot wouldn't have to be rammed, either; 'twouldn't have to scatter so blamed much."

"Oh, well, them society sports—there's got to be some of them—"

"Yes, and the way they make 'em reminds me of what Dal Muzig tells about the time they started Pasco. 'What you fellows makin' a town here for?' Dal says he asked 'em, and he says they says: 'Well, why not? The and ain't good for anything else, is it?' they says. That's the way with these shrimps; they ain't good for anything else. There's that Arledge, the lad that keeps his mouth hangin' open all the time he's lookin' at you—he'll catch cold in his works, first thing he knows—with his gold monogram on his cigarettes."

"He said he was poor," urged Billy, who had been rather taken with the ease of Arledge's manner.

"Fine, old, handsome fellow, ain't he? Strong as an ox, active and perfectly healthy, ain't he? Well, he's a pill! But his old man must 'a' been on to him. Here, here's a piece in the paper about that fine big strappin' giant—it's partly what got me to thinkin' to-night, so I couldn't sleep. Just listen to this," and Uncle Peter read:

"E. Wadsworth Arledge, son of the late James Townsend Arledge, of the dry goods firm of Arledge & Jackson, presented a long affidavit to Justice Dutcher, of the supreme court, yesterday, to show why his income of \$6,000 a year from his father's estate should not be abridged to pay a debt of \$20,000. Henry T. Gottlieb, a grocer, who obtained a judgment for that amount against him in 1926, and has been unable to collect, asked the court to enjoin Judge Henley P. Manderson, and the Union Fidelity Trust company, as executors of the Arledge estate, from paying Mr. Arledge his full income until the debt has been discharged. Gottlieb contended that Arledge could sustain the reduction required."

"James T. Arledge died about two years ago, leaving an estate of about \$300,000. He had disapproved of the marriage of his son and Edwin's displeasure in his will. The son had married Flora Fiorenza, an actress. To the son was given an income of \$6,000 a year for life. The rest of the estate went to the testator's widow for life, and then to charity."

"Here is the affidavit of E. Wadsworth Arledge:

"I have been brought up in idleness, under the idea that I was to inherit a large estate. I have never acquired any business habits so as to fit me to acquire property, or to make me take care of it."

"I have never been in business, except many years ago, when I was a boy, when I was for a short time employed in one of the stores owned by my father. For many years prior to my father's death I was not employed, but lived on a liberal allowance made to me by him. I am a married man, and in addition to my wife have a family of two children to support from my income."

"All our friends are persons of wealth and of high social standing, and we are compelled to spend money in entertaining the many friends who entertain us. I am a member of many expensive clubs. I have absolutely no income except the allowance I receive from my father's estate, and the same is barely sufficient to support my family."

"I have received no technical or scientific education, fitting me for any business or profession, and should I be deprived of any portion of my income I will be plunged in debt anew."

"The court reserved decision."

"You hear that, Billy? The court reserved decision. Mr. Arledge has to buy so many gold cigarettes and vintages and trousseaus, and belongs to so many clubs, that he wants the court to help him choose a poor grocer out of his money. Say, Billy, that judge could fine me for contempt of court, right now, for reservin' his decision. You bet Mr. Arledge would 'a' got my decision right hot on the griddle. I'd 'a' told him: 'You're the meanest kind of a crook I ever heard of fur wantin' to lie down on your fat back and whine out of payin' fur the grub you put in your big gander paunch.' I'd tell him, 'and now you march to the lock-up till you can look honest folks in the face,' I'd tell him. Say, Billy, some crooks are worse than others. Take Nate Levenson out there. Nate set up night and day for six years inventin' a process fur swatin' gold into ore; finally he gets it; how he does it, nobody knows, but he sweat gold 18 inches into the solid rock. The first few holes he salted he gets rid of all right, then of course they catch him, and Nate's doin' time now. But say, I got respect fur Nate since readin' that piece. There's a good deal of a man about him, or about any common burglar or sneak thief, compared to this duck. They take chances, say nothin' of the hard work they do."

This fellow won't take a chance and won't work a day. Billy, that's the meanest specimen of crook I ever run against, bar none, and that crook is produced and tolerated in a place that's said to be the center of 'culture and refinement and practical achievement.' Billy, he's a pill!"

"That's right," said Billy Brue, promptly throwing the recalcitrant Arledge overboard.

"But it ain't none of my business. What I do spleen again, is havin' a grandson of mine livin' in a community where a man that'll act like that is actually let in their houses by honest folks. Think of a son of Daniel J. Bines treatin' folks like that as if they was his equals. Say, Dan'l had a line of faults, all right—but by God! he'd a trammed ore fur two twenty-five a day any time in his life rather'n not pay a dollar he owed. And think of this lad making his bed in this kind of a place where men are brought up to them ways; and that name; think of a husky, two-fisted boy like him lettin' himself be called by a measly little gum-drop name like Percival, when he's got a right to be called Pete. And he's right in with 'em. He'd be just as bad—give him a little time; and Pishy engaged to a damned fortune-huntin' Englishman into the bargain. It's all Higbee said it was, only it goes double. Say, Billy, I been thinkin' this over all night."

"Tis mighty worryin', ain't it, Uncle Peter?"

"And I got it thought out."

"Sure, you must 'a' got it down to cases."

"Billy, listen now. There's a fellow down in Wall street. His name is Shepler, Rulon Shepler. He's most the biggest man down there."

"Sure! I heard of him."

"Listen. I'm goin' to bed now. I can sleep since I got my mind made up. But I want to see Shepler in private to-morrow. Don't wake me up in the morning. But get up yourself, and go find his office—look in a directory, then ask a policeman. Shepler's a busy man. You tell the clerk or whoever holds you up that Mr. Peter Bines wants an appointment with Mr. Shepler as soon as he can make it."

"Mr. Peter Bines, of Montana City. Be there by 9:30 so's to get him as soon as he comes. He knows me; tell him I want to see him on business soon as possible, and find out when he can give me time. And don't you say to anyone else that I ever seen him or sent you there. Understand? Don't ever say a word to anyone. Remember, now, be there at 9:30, and don't let any clerk put you off, and ask him what hour'll be convenient for him. Now get what sleep's comin' to you. It's five o'clock."

At noon Billy Brue returned to the hotel to find Uncle Peter finishing a hearty breakfast.

"I found him all right, Uncle Peter. The lookout acted suspicious, but I saw the main guy himself come out of a door—like I'd seen his picture in the papers, so I just called to him and said: 'Mr. Peter Bines wants to see you,' like that. He took me right into his office, and I told him what you said, and he'll be ready for you at two o'clock. He knows mines, all right, out our way, don't he?—and he crowded a handful of these tin-foil cigars on to me, and acted real sociable. Told me to drop in any time. Say, he'd run purty high in the yellow stuff all right."

"At two o'clock, you say?"

"Yes."

"And what's his number?"

"Gee, I forgot; I can tell you, though. You go down Broadway to that old church—say, Uncle Peter, there's folks in that buryin' ground been dead over 200 years, if you can go by their gravestones. Gee! I didn't s'pose anybody'd been dead that long—then you turn down the gulch right your ma and Pishy has got more out of it than you have. Why, your ma

gets her name in the papers as a philanthropist along with that—how do the papers call her?—the well-known club woman—that Mrs. Helen Wyot Lamson that always has her name spelled out in full? Your ma is gettin' public recognition fur her money, and look at Pishy. What's she gone and done while you been lakin' about? Why, she's got engaged to a lord, or just as good. Look at the prospects she's got! She'll enter the aristocracy of England and have a title. But look at you! Really, son, I'm ashamed of you. People over there'll be sayin' 'Lady What's-her-name? Oh, yes! She has got a brother, but he don't amount to shucks—he ain't much more'n a three-spot. He can't do anything but play bank and drink like a fish. He's throwed away his opportunities—that's what them dukes and counts will be sayin' about you behind your back."

"I understood you didn't think much of sis' choice."

"Well, of course, he wouldn't be much in Montana City, but he's all right in his place, and he seems to be healthy. What knocks me is how he ever got all them freckles. He never come by 'em honestly, I bet. He must 'a' got caught in an explosion of freckles some time. But that ain't neither here nor there. He has the goods and Pishy'll get 'em delivered. She's got something to show fur her dust. But what you got to show? Not a blamed thing but a lot of stubs in a check book, and a little fat. Now I ain't makin' any kick. I got no right to; but I do hate to see you leadin' this life of idleness and dissipation when you might be makin' something of yourself. Your pa was quite a man. He left his mark out there in that western country. Now you're here settled in the east among big people, with a barrel of money and fine chances to do something, and you're jest layin' down on the family name. You wouldn't think near so much of your pa if he'd laid down before his time and your own children will always have to say: 'Poor pa—he had a good heart, but he never could amount to anything more'n a three-spot; he didn't have any stuff in him,' they'll be sayin'. Now, on the level, you don't want to go through life bein' just known as a good thing and easy money, do you?"

"Why, of course not, Uncle Peter; only I had to look around some at first—for a year or so."

"Well, if you need to look any more, then your eyes ain't right. That's my say. I ain't askin' you to go west. I don't expect that!"

Percival brightened.

"But I am tryin' to nag you into doin' something here. People can say what they want to about you," he continued, stubbornly, as one who confesses the most ardent bigotry, "but I know you have got some brains, some ability—I really believe you got a whole lot—and you got the means to take your place right at the top. You can head 'em all in this country or any other. Now what you ought to do, you ought to take your place in the world of finance—put your mind on it night and day—swing out—get action—and set the ball to rolling. Your pa was a big man in the west, and there ain't any reason as I can see of why you can't be just as big a man in proportion here. People can talk all they want to about your bein' just a dub—I won't believe 'em. And there's London. You ain't been ambitious enough. Get a down-hill pull on New York, and then branch out. Be a man of affairs like your pa, and like that fellow Shepler. Let's be somebody. If Montana City was too small fur us, that's no reason why New York should be too big."

(To be Continued.)

A Dandy for Burns.

Dr. Bargin Pana, Ill., writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment; always recommend it to my friends, as I am confident there is no better made. 'It is a dandy for burns.' Those who live on farms are especially liable to many accidental cuts, burns, bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is applied. It should always be kept in the house for cases of emergency." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List.

Almost a Lynching.

New York, April 17.—Robert H. Scott, a negro, probably fatally cut Thomas Maher, a contractor, who discharged him for intemperance this morning. A razor was the weapon used by Scott, who escaped into his house and bolted the door. Policemen broke down the door and when they emerged with Scott a desperate attempt was made to lynch the negro. The arrival of the police reserves prevented any violence.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

Immediately relieves hoarse croupy cough; oppressed, rattling rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, druggist, Shullsburg, Wis., writes, May 20, 1902: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List."

Supposed Mad Dog.

A dog which was supposed to be mad was shot yesterday by Constable Shelton and killed. The dog appeared that night at Mr. Shelton's place in Mechanicsburg and the forenoon attempted to get in the house, when the officer killed it. The actions of the dog indicated it was suffering from rabies.

Sold by—

Alvey & List and G. C. C. Kolb.

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"No, Sir! You cannot palm off any substitutes on me. I've been using August Flower since I was a boy, and I'll have no other."

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FIVE DOLLARS AND A WATCH.

One Applicant Who Said It Was Wealth Enough.

Applicants for positions in the Paducah Traction Co. traffic service are required to have a good time piece and \$5 to deposit as a bond.

An applicant, a young man who from indications had been a "high roller," but at present reduced to narrow straits, filed into the trainmaster's office this morning. "I want a job," he bluntly stated when asked his business.

"You will have to have a watch and \$5 in cash," the trainmaster informed him. "Have you got them?" the trainmaster inquired.

"H—no," the applicant amazingly declared. "If I had five dollars and a watch I would not work for any d—d street car or any other kind of company."

He filed out of the office to seek luck in other quarters.

HEALTH IS YOUTH.

Disease and Sickness Bring Old Age.

Herbina, taken every morning before breakfast, will keep you in robust health, fit you to ward off disease. It cures constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, fever skin, liver and kidney complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

Mrs. D. W. Smith, Whitney, Tex., writes April 3, 1902: "I have used Herbina and find it the best medicine for constipation and liver troubles. It does all you claim for it. I can highly recommend it. 50c. Sold by Alvey & List."

Weddings in Carlisle.

Fulton, Ky., April 17.—A number of marriages were solemnized last week at Bardwell, Ky. Albert Kell and Miss Ethel Rice, B. L. Jennings and Miss Verna Lee, of Arlington, Ky., were married at the residence of Esquire New Moore, E. S. Sams and Miss Martha Collier, a handsome young couple from Berkeley, Ky., were also pronounced man and wife by Esquire Moore.

A wedding of great interest to the people of Bardwell was solemnized Wednesday night, when Mrs. Victoria Denton became the wife of Dan M. Berry, a prominent young business man.

Cures Coughs and Colds.

Mrs. C. Peterson, 625 Lake St., Topeka, Kans., says: "Of all cough remedies Ballard's Horehound Syrup is my favorite; it has done and will do all that is claimed for it—to speedily cure all coughs and colds—and it is so sweet and pleasant to the taste. Sold by Alvey & List."

The Texas Wonder

Cures all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles; sold by J. H. Oehl-schlaeger, 601 Broadway, Dr. E. W. Hall, office 2326 Olive St., St. Louis Mo.

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TOOTH PULLING

Dr. E. J. Stauffer,

Dentist,

302 Broadway

Paducah.



This Beautiful Piano GOES SATURDAY, APRIL 21st

Don't cost a penny to make a bid. The name of purchaser and the price will be published Saturday evening. You will be sorry you did not make a bid when you see this beautiful \$500 piano go at \$75 or \$100. A club or society should not let this opportunity pass. Seal your bids and leave them at 428 Broadway.

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And see our electrical display and machine shop and factory.

House Wiring Correctly Done

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND ALL DISEASES OF THE GENERATIVE ORGANS OF EITHER SEX, SUCH AS NERVOUS PROSTRATION, FAILING OR LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NIGHTLY EMISSIONS, YOUTHFUL ERRORS, MENTAL WEARY, EXCESSIVE USE OF TOBACCO OR OPIMUM, WHICH LEAD TO CONSUMPTION AND INSANITY. WITH EVERY \$5.00 ORDER WE GUARANTEE TO CURE OR REFUND THE MONEY. SOLD AT \$1.00 PER BOX 6 BOXES FOR \$5.00. THE NEW YORK CHEMICAL CO., CLEVELAND, OH.

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FOR TENNESSEE RIVER



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Leaves Paducah for Tennessee River

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This company is not responsible for

invoiced charges unless collected by the

clerk of the boat.

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Newest and best hotel in the city

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rooms. Bath rooms. Electric

lights. The only centrally located

hotel in the city.

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